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THE POPE IN PONTIFICALS.



PORTRAIT OF THE PRESENT POPE, GREGORY XVI.

BRADBURY AND EVANS.]

[PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.]

THE POPE CONSIDERED OFFICIALLY.

OUR illustration is a portrait of the present pope, Gregory XVI., in his official robes. On succeeding to the popedom, at the beginning of 1831, he found all the States of the Church in insurrection against his temporal authority. The example of the recent revolution in France had given birth to a scheme for uniting the whole of Italy in a federal republic; and in the first instance the conspirators obtained possession of the whole of the papal territory except Rome, without striking a blow. The insurrection was quelled by the intervention of Austria, in the same bloodless manner as it began; but breaking out again in the following year, a trifling resistance was made, but of no long continuance or to any serious extent; and since then (1832) Italy has remained in a state of comparative tranquillity.

The pontificate of Gregory has been distinguished by an unusual activity in the church. In the year 1838, he was involved in a dispute with Prussia, relative to marriages between Catholics and Protestants, in which he asserted his authority in very high terms. The work of propagandism has been pursued with renewed zeal, and there is reason to believe with considerable success. A society, called the "Catholic Institute," was established in England about two years ago for the furtherance of that object, and at a meeting in London in the present year, a letter was read from the pope to the earl of Shrewsbury, the president, in which, after bemoaning the "ever-increasing calamities of the church of Christ," and expressing his "more than ordinary joy" at the establishment of the Institute, he declares that he, "the heir of the name and chair of that Gregory the Great, who by the torch of the Catholic faith first enlightened Britain, involved in the darkness of idolatry," desired "nothing with greater earnestness than to embrace once more with paternal exultation the English nation, adorned with so many and such excellent qualities, and to receive back the long-lost sheep into the fold of Christ."

The illustration at the head of this paper represents the pope in his full official costume. Mr. Eustace, in his "Classical Tour," gives the following description of it:—

"The pope's robes are the same as those of a bishop in pontificals (excepting the stole, and the colour, which is white, and not purple). His vestments, when he officiates in church, as well as his mitre, do not differ from those of other prelates. The tiara seems originally to have been an ordinary mitre, such as is still worn by the Greek patriarchs. The three circlets, which have raised it into a triple crown, were added at different periods, and it is said for different mystic reasons. The first, or lowest, seems to have been originally a mere border, gradually enriched with gold and diamonds. The second was the invention of Boniface VIII., about the year 1300; and to complete the mysterious decoration, the third was superadded about the middle of the fourteenth century. The use of the tiara is confined to certain extraordinary occasions; as in most ceremonies the pope uses the common ecclesiastical mitre."

The tiara and keys are the badges of papal dignity—the tiara of his civil rank, and the keys of his jurisdiction; for as soon as the pope is dead, his arms are represented with the tiara alone, without the keys.

The historian Monstrelet, in describing the coronation of pope John XXIII., who is said to have been the first who used a triple crown, by which we apprehend he intended a mystical reference to the Trinity, says, "the first crown was of gold, which encircled the forehead within the mitre; the second" (which appears clearly a type of the second person of the Trinity, alluding to his twofold nature on earth) "of gold and silver, about the middle of the

mitre; and the third, of very fine gold, surmounted it." The crowns now in use are all gold, splendidly ornamented with jewels.

Pope Innocent VIII. was so straitened for want of money, that he was obliged to pawn his tiara; and when Clement VII. was besieged by the army of Charles V. in the castle of St. Angelo, he employed the celebrated artist, Benvenuto Cellini, to take out the jewels (which he secured by sewing them into the borders of the garments of himself and the master of the horse), and to melt down the gold to supply his necessities. When the pope was reinstated in his dignity, a new tiara was made, and the jewels restored to their places; and Cellini was commissioned to make a magnificent button for the pontifical cope, for which the pope prescribed the subject. Cellini, in his curious autobiography, describes this button, which has been religiously preserved in the castle of St. Angelo, and is brought out with the tiara in legal form at Easter, Christmas day, and the feast of St. Peter, when the pope himself chants mass, as follows:—

"I had laid the diamond," says Cellini, "exactly in the middle of the work, and over it I had represented God the Father sitting in a free, easy attitude, which suited admirably well with the rest of the piece, and did not in the least crowd the diamond; his right hand was lifted up, giving his blessing. Under the diamond I had drawn three little boys, who supported it with their arms raised aloft. One of these boys, which stood in the middle, was in full, the other two in half, rilievo. Round it was a number of figures of boys, placed amongst other glittering jewels. The remainder of God the Father was covered with a cloak which wanted in the wind, from whence issued several figures of boys, with other striking ornaments most beautiful to behold. This work was made of white stucco upon a black stone." The button was executed in gold.

The right of choosing a supreme head of the church has been exercised from almost time immemorial by the college of cardinals; a body originating in assemblies of the chief clergy in the neighbourhood of Rome, and afterwards nominated by the pope, without regard to their ecclesiastical rank. Even popes have been elected who had proceeded no further than the order of deacon. Their number was limited to seventy, at the council of Basil, held by Sixtus V. To the dignity of cardinal there is no revenue attached, but they are styled *Eminentissimi*, and generally hold considerable offices, civil as well as ecclesiastical; they consider themselves on an equality with princes, and as such have been treated.

Twelve or fourteen days are generally occupied in performing the funeral obsequies of a deceased pontiff. During this time the great chamberlain, who is always a cardinal, acts as regent, is attended by the pontifical guards, and issues circular letters to the sacred college for holding a conclave. This is the name given to the elective assembly of the cardinals, and also to the accustomed place of meeting—a part of the palace of the Vatican, consisting of several large antechambers, divided by numerous temporary partitions into small rooms hanging with cloth, called cells; each cardinal being allowed two—one for his own use, furnished with a bed, a few chairs, and a table; and another for his conclavist, or secretary.

The body of his holiness, in the mean time, lies in state in a magnificent bed raised in St. Peter's church, which is illuminated with torches and wax-lights; cardinals in black copes at intervals bestowing absolution, and sprinkling incense and holy water.

These and other ceremonies being concluded, and the departed pope interred, a discourse is generally pronounced by some eminent churchman, or high officer of the palace, "on the choice of a pontiff," followed by prayer and exhortation. A governor of the

conclave being next chosen, and sworn to perform the duties of his appointment with justice and impartiality, the cardinals, after celebrating mass in St. Peter's church, and hearing an appropriate sermon, retire in procession two and two, accompanied by their conclavists, two physicians, two surgeons, and a requisite number of attendants, into the conclave; which is then shut up by the governor, and no one let out or admitted (except in cases of dangerous illness, or the arrival of a foreign cardinal) till the new sovereign of Rome is elected.

Refreshments, as occasion may require, are brought to the door and deposited in boxes, which turn round like those usually placed in convents, so that whatever they contain may be received by the persons in the interior, without their seeing or speaking to those on the outside; in this manner are the cardinals subsisted, and provisions conveyed to them, till the business for which they assembled is concluded.

Each cardinal orders his conclavist to write down on a slip of paper the name of the candidate to whom he gives his vote; these papers are deposited in a chalice which stands on a long table covered with green cloth, in the chapel of the conclave. Two cardinals, appointed by the governor, successively read aloud the contents of these detached notes; he who has two-thirds of the suffrages is declared pope, but till this takes place the scrutiny must be repeated. Sometimes parties are so exactly balanced that the election becomes a long and tedious process; and a person is frequently chosen indifferent, and sometimes disagreeable, to both sides, merely on account of his old age and infirmities.

On some occasions, when the votes for a popular candidate have been numerous, so as to be within three or four of the necessary number, they who consider themselves as possessing the majority come out as it were by inspiration (from which this method takes its name), but previously agreed on, and calling to each other with a loud voice, mention the name of the cardinal they fix on for pope; when the minority, taken as it were by surprise, and fearing to incur the displeasure of a new pontiff, join in the cry, and thus the election is concluded.

The cardinals immediately do homage on their knees to the holy father, who in his turn bestows on them a short benediction, prays for divine assistance in the great charge to which he has been called, and mentions the future name he will bear. A cardinal then announces the new pope from a lofty balcony to the people; who on these occasions assemble in crowds, are particularly licentious and irritable, and profess wonderful impatience if the cardinals in the conclave are tedious in their deliberations.

The coronation of the pope with the triple crown generally takes place in the course of a week; a discharge of cannon from the castle of St. Angelo, and a universal gaol-delivery throughout the ecclesiastical states, with a magnificent cavalcade called the *Possessione*, when his holiness goes to take possession of the church of St. John Lateran, conclude the election.

WIT IN CHOOSING TEXTS.

A YOUNG preacher, in the time of James I., being appointed to hold forth before the vice-chancellor and heads of colleges of Oxford, chose for his text, "What, cannot ye watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion, as the vice-chancellor happened to be one of those heavy-headed persons who cannot attend church without falling asleep. The preacher repeating his text in an emphatic manner at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate vice-chancellor as often awoke; and this happened so often, that at last all present could very well see the joke. The vice-chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and the talk it occasioned, that he complained to the archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man, to reprove

him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense, that his grace procured him the honour of preaching before the king. Here, also, he had his joke; he gave out his text in these words, James, ch. i. 6th verse, "Waver not!" which, of course, everybody present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick-sighted, exclaimed, "He is at me already!" but he was, upon the whole, so well pleased with this clerical wag as to make him one of his chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

THE CANTERBURY TALES.—No. II.

RESUMING this subject, according to our promise, we shall now proceed to give an outline of the "Knight's Tale," the first, and by some critics considered the best of the series. The plot is the same as that of the "Theseida" of Boccaccio, a poem little known, except as the model on which Dryden framed his far-famed tale of "Palamon and Arcite."

Theseus, the Duke of Athens, after conquering "all the reign of Feminie," (that is to say, the Amazons,) and wedding Hypolita their queen, returns to Athens, with her and "her young sister Emelie." When he draws near the city, and is arrived at the temple of the Goddess Clemence, or Pity, he is met by a company of mourning women, who laying hold of his bride-reins, stop his passage, and implore his "mercy and succour." They prove to be the widows of King Capaneus, "that starved at Thebes," and of the other Thebans who had been slain by the tyrant Creon, and their bodies denied sepulchre and cast out to the dogs. Theseus, that "gentle duke,"

"down from his courser sterte
With hearted piteous when he heard them speak.
Him thought that his heart would all to-break,
When he saw them so piteous and so mate [*dejected*]
That whilom weren of so great estate."

He offered them all consolation, and swore, "as he was trewe knight," to avenge their wrongs; and sending Hypolita and her sister on to Athens, proceeds at once to Thebes. He there fights with and kills Creon, takes the city by assault, and restores to the ladies the bodies of their husbands, "to don the obsequies." Among the heaps of slain after the battle, two young knights, named Palamon and Arcite, both of the blood-royal of Thebes, the sons of two sisters, are found "not fully quick nor fully dead." The heralds recognised them by "their coat-armour" and by their dress; and being brought to the tent of Theseus, he sent them both to Athens,

"for to dwellen in prison
Perpetual, he n'old no raunson."

We may here remark, that the manners and customs depicted throughout this poem are, although the tale professes to be of ancient Greece, in all particulars an accurate and very curious picture of the days of chivalry.

"Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once in a morrow of May,
That Emelie, that fairer was to seen
Than is the lily upon his stalk green,
And fresher than the May with flowers new,
(For with the rose colour strove hire + hue,
I know not which was finer of them two,)
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight, [*dressed*]
For May will have no sluggardy a-night.
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith, Arise, and do thine observance."

[* *Her*, pronounced as a dissyllable, *hi-er*.]

Emelie, walking and singing in the garden, is seen by Palamon from the window, who is immediately struck to the heart with love, and makes so sorrowful an outcry, that Arcite, who imagines he was grieving over his imprisonment, attempts to comfort him; but when he hears the cause of his cousin's sighs, he cannot forbear taking a peep also at this dangerous fair, when

"If that Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as much as he, or more.
And with a sigh he say-ed piteously:
The freshé beauteéd slay'th me suddenly
Of her that roameth in the yonder place.
And but [unless] I have her mercy and her grace,
That I may see her at the lesté way [That I may at least see her]
I n'am but dead."

This declaration excites the wrath of Palamon, who accuses Arcite of treachery, which he "full proudly" denies, using, it must be confessed, a somewhat jesuitical argument to disprove Palamon's claim of the prior affection—

"thou wisted not right now
Whether she were a woman or a goddess.
Thine is affection of holiness,
And mine is love, as to a creature:
For which I toldé thee min aventure
As to my cousin and my brother sworn."

At length Arcite is liberated from his prison, at the intercession of a certain duke, Perithous, who had known and loved him at Thebes; but it was upon this condition, that if he ever returned to the territories of Theseus, his life was to be forfeited. Both Palamon and Arcite are now more miserable and jealous than ever. Arcite envies Palamon, since he can still see his mistress, and may by some happy chance yet be freed from his fetters, and gain her love. Palamon rages at the idea that Arcite may now gather an army, and making war on Theseus, force him to give up Emelie.

"You lovers ask I now this question,
Which hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon?
That one may see his lady day by day,
But in prisón must he dwellén alway;
That other where him list may ride or go,
But see his lady shall him never mo."

Arcite falls sick for love, and pines away in a melancholy condition for a year or two.

"So mochel sorrow had never créature,
That is or shall be, while the world may dure.
His sleep, his meat, his drink is him byraft, [bereaved, taken away]
That lean he wax, and dry as is a shaft.
His eyes hollow and grisly to behold,
His hue sallów, and pale as ashen cold;
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And walling all the night, making his moan;
And if he herdé song or instrument,
Then would he weep, he mighté not be stent. [stopped]
So feeble were his spirits, and so low,
And changed so that no man couldé know
His speeché ne his voice."

While thus overwhelmed with grief, Mercury in a vision commands him to go to Athens, where "an end of his woe is shapen." He resolves to obey; and perceiving by his glass that his face is so altered as to be no longer recognisable, he disguises himself and a faithful squire as labouring men, and seeks service as a hewer of wood and drawer of water in the household of Theseus. He is so fortunate as to be employed by a chamberlain, "the which that dwelling was with Emelie." A year or two he was in this service,

"Page of the chambre of Emelie the bright;
And Philostrate he said that he was hight."

Here he was so distinguished for his "gentil condition," that he was introduced to the notice of Theseus, who promoted him to be one of his squires, "and gave him gold to maintain his degree;" besides which, he privily received his rents out of his country,

"which honestly and slyly he spent, that no man wondered how that he it had."

"And in this blisséd leave we now Arcite,
And speak we will of Palamon a lite."

Palamon, in the seventh year of his imprisonment, on the third night of the month of May, "as old bokes sayn," makes his escape from prison, by the help of a friend, purposing to fly to Thebes, levy war on Theseus, and either lose his life or win Emelie. Whilst he lies concealed in a wood he encounters Arcite, who had risen to enjoy the beauties of the morning, thus exquisitely depicted:—

"The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morrow gray;
And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremés drieth in the graves [grooves]
The silver drop-pes hanging on the leves."

Here he is encountered by Palamon, who overhearing him bewailing his hopeless love, (as by a change of spirits common, observes the poet, to lovers, his joyous mood had turned to a fit of melancholy,) recognised him, and starting forth from the bushes, overwhelmed him with a torrent of reproaches, and announces this desperate resolution:—

"I will be dead, or el-les thou shalt die.
Thou shalt not love my lady Emelie;
But I will love her onely and mo—
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe;
And though that I no weapon have in this place,
But out of prison am asterie [fed] by grace,
I dred-dought, that either thou shalt die,
Or thou ne shalt not loven Emelie.
Chuse which thou wilt, for thou shalt not asterte."

Arcite very sensibly observes that love is free, and he is determined to love Emelie in spite of all Palamon's threats. He accepts the challenge; but as Palamon is unarmed, he promises to bring him weapons the next morning, and to supply him with food and clothes for his bedding in the mean time. Arcite keeps his word, and in the morning brings out two suits of armour and all knightly weapons; and when they had "help to arm each other as friendly as he were his owen brother," they took their spears, and

"As wildé boars gan they together smite,
That frothen white as foam for ire wood, [mad]
Up to their ancles fought they in their blood."

They were in the heat of the battle when they were interrupted by Theseus, who being out hunting, came up with his train, and spurring between the combatants, put an end to the strife, and commanded them to say who and what they were. This, and their cause of quarrel, is soon declared by Palamon; and the duke is about to deliver both over to the executioner, when the queen, the fair Emelie, and all their ladies, supplicate for mercy for their champions. Theseus, who becomes cool when he calls to mind that he himself "knew of love's pain," and that it was quite sufficient to excuse the maddest actions in the wisest men, pardons both the Theban youths, upon condition that they will swear to remain at peace with him; and furthermore he promises, that since the fair Emelie "might not wedden two," they should both appear that day fifty weeks, each with a hundred knights, at that place, where lists should be prepared; and Emelie should be the prize of the conqueror. Palamon and Arcite are filled with joy at this declaration, and depart to Thebes.

The gorgeous lists prepared for the combat are described at great length; and the description of the paintings in the temple of Mars is wonderfully powerful. It runs to too great a length to permit us to extract it, and we cannot prevail upon ourselves to mutilate it. The arrival of the two companies, and their reception by Theseus, is most graphically told; and indeed, in the pages of the "Knight's Tale" is to be found the most lively representation of the manners and ceremonials of the chivalric ages that is extant.

This Theseus, this duke, this worthy knight,

"When he had brought them into his citée,
And lodg-ed them, each one at his degree,
He feasteth them, and doth so great labour
To easen them, and do them all honour,
That yet men wenen [*think*] that no man-nes wit
Of none estate ne could amenden it.
The minstrelsy, the service at the feast,
The greté gift-es to the most and least,
The rich array of Theseus paláce,
Ne who sat first or last upon the dais,*
What ladies fairest ben or best dancing,
Or which of them can carol best or sing,
Nor who most feelingly speaketh of love;
What hawk-es sitten on the perch above,
What hound-es ligen on the floor adown;
Of all this now make I no mentiou."

In the morning early Palamon arose, and went forth to pay his devotions at the shrine of Venus, which stood at the east end of the lists. He supplicates the goddess to grant him Emelie, and receives a favourable sign, which fills him with joy. Emelie pays her orisons at the altar of Diana, whose votary she professes herself, and prays that she may not be compelled to "ben a wife and be with child;" but the goddess appearing, informs her that she is destined to marry one of the champions, but which she may not say. Arcite betakes himself to the temple of Mars, who accepts his sacrifice, and promises him victory. Upon this there ensues a dispute in heaven between Mars and Venus, which sadly embarrasses Jupiter; but it is quieted by old Saturn, who promises that both shall be satisfied.

All being ready to set forward to the lists, proclamation is first made by a herald that it is the duke's pleasure that the strife shall not be pushed to extremity; pole-axes, short swords, and knives, are forbidden; any knight forced to his opponent's extremity of the lists must yield, and if the leader on either side be taken or slain, the contest is to cease. The stately procession to the lists is next described, and the entrance of the champions. The two companies appear perfectly well matched, and are drawn up in ranks: Arcite and his followers, under a red banner, entering at the west, "through the gates under Mars;" and Palamon and his friends "under Venus, eastward in the place, with banner white."

"When that their namés read were every one,
That in their number guilé there was none,
Then were the gat-es shut, and cried was loud;
Do now your devoir, yongé knight-es proud.
The heralds left their pricking up and down,
Now ringé trompés loud and clarion.
There is no more to say, but east and west
In go the spears sadly [*weadily*] in the rest:
In goes the sharpé spur into the side,
Then see men who can just, and who can ride,
Then shiveren shaft-es upon shield-es thick;
He feeleth through the hearté-sponé† the prick.
Up springen spears twenty foot on height;
Out go the swords as the silver bright.
The helmés they to-bewen and to-shred;
Out burst the blood, with sterné stream-es red.
With mighty maces the bones they to-burst.
This through the thickest of the throng gan thrust,
There stumblen steed-es strong, and down goes all,
He rolleth under foot as doth a ball.
This foineth [*pushes*] on his foe with a trunchoun,
And that him hurleth with his horse adown.
He through the body is hurt, and sith ytake
Maugre his heed, and brought unto the stake;
As foreword was, right there he must abide.
Another led is on the other side.
And sometimes doth them Theseus to rest‡
Them to refresh and drinken if them lest."

* The raised floor at the upper end of the hall; the place of honour.

† The cartilage of the breast.

‡ Causes them to rest. The phrase, though now obsolete, continued long in use.

The fight long continues; but at length Palamon is surrounded by his opponents, and borne off to the extremity of the lists; upon which Theseus puts an end to the combat, and awards Emelie to Arcite. The victorious knight having laid aside his helmet, is caracolling along the lists,

"Looking upwárd upon this Emelie,
And she again him cast a friendly eye;"

when an infernal fury, sent from Pluto, at the request of Saturn, terrifies his horse, who throws his rider, who fell on his head, and was besides injured in his breast, which had been driven in by his saddle-bow. Arcite is raised from the ground, and conveyed, amid much lamentation, to Athens; but no "leech-craft" can heal the internal injuries he had received. Calling Emelie and Palamon to his bedside, he is supported in the arms of his sorrowing mistress, to whom with his dying breath he recommends his cousin Palamon, than whom none was so worthy to be loved.

"And if that ever ye shall ben a wife,
Forget not Palamon, that gentle man.
And with that word his speeché fail began,
For from his feet up to his breast was come
The cold of death, that had him overnome. [*overtaken*]
And yet moreover in his arm-es two
The vital strength is lost, and all ago;
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his hearté sick and sore,
Can faillen, when the hearté felt the death;
Dusked his eyen two, and failed his breath.
But on his ladie yet he cast his eye;
His lasté word was; Mercy, Emelie!"

The funeral of Arcite is described at great length, and the conclusion of the tale is (as may be imagined) the marriage of Palamon and Emelie; but no indecent haste is permitted in bringing about this consummation. Palamon, full of grief for the loss of his cousin, returns to Thebes, without breathing a word of love to the mourning Emelie; and it is not till

"By process and by length of certain years
All stenten is the mourning and the tears
Of Grekés"—

that Theseus, who has summoned a *parliament* at Athens, and sent for Palamon, makes a long and somewhat tedious address to the assembly, tending to prove that all men must die, and grief should have an end. Wherefore he concludes, that after sorrow we should be merry, and to that end he proposes to Emelie that she shall, of her womanly pity, take Palamon, "her owen knight," for "husband and for lord." Both parties being very willing, the "bond that highté matrimony," was forthwith effected.

"And thus with allé bliss and melody
Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie.
And God that all this widé world hath wrought
Send him his love that hath it dear ybought.
For now is Palamon in allé well,
Living in bliss, in riches, and in hele;
And Emelie him loveth so tendrely,
And he her serveth all so gentilly,
That never was there no word them between
Of jealousy, ne of none other tene. [*grief*]
Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie;
And God save all this fairer company."

COURTSHIP OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

THE following extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror will be new to most readers. It is exceedingly curious and valuable, as characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilised age and nation:—

"After some years' delay, William appears to have become desperate, and if we may trust the evidence of the Chronicle of Ingerbe, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges, as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages,

struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion by the violence of his behaviour, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife. How he ever presumed to enter her presence again after such a series of enormities, the chronicler sayeth not, and we are at a loss to imagine."—*Miss Strickland*.

RAMBLING NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

NO. III.

AFTER satisfying ourselves with the beauties Blair afforded, we resumed our road northward, till we reached the falls of Bruar. These are situated on the estate of Lord Glenlyon; access to them being obtained by a small gratuity to an old woman who acts as guide. There are several small falls before we reach the largest, the water bounding over rocks in the deep rugged channel, which is worn into many a grotesque shape by the fury of the stream. We pass on, looking ever and anon into the deep gulf below us, and seeing in some of the pools where the water is still, trout moving stealthily about, or quietly reposing. The path terminates in a little grot, from a window of which the chief fall is seen in all its beauty—descending at first by several short steps, and then by a plunge of about twenty feet; the volume of water, and the violence with which it comes down, rendering it at the bottom a mass of white foam. We were highly pleased, and thanked Burns for having procured what he, with his fine eye for natural beauty, saw was wanting—trees on the surrounding slopes. In "The humble Petition of Bruar Water," addressed to the Duke of Athol, the poet makes the stream to say,

"Last day I grat, wi' spite and teen,
As poet Burns came by,
That to a bard I should be seen,
Wi' half my channel dry;
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shored me:
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad adored me.

"Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wide roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am—although I say't myself—
Worth gaun a mile to see.

"Would, then, my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes;
Delighted doubly, then, my lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

"Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed!
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines dress'd,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn."

The effects prayed for are now in a great measure realised, and we

departed highly gratified with having seen a spot so beautiful, and also ennobled by the muse of Burns.

Farther than this we could not get our Scottish companions to go; one of them had broken a shoe, and both seemed inclined to stay another day among the hills in the neighbourhood; and finding persuasion useless, we were at length reluctantly obliged to bid them farewell. Crossing the river, we took the path across the hills and moors, a wild and dreary scene, where we met but few individuals during the day. Before us was Schehallion, and around us hills on every side. We passed a small loch, and in about three hours came in sight of Loch Tummel, which we passed, and crossed the river of the same name in a boat, *manned* by a brave Highland lassie. Well and lustily did she ply the oars; nothing but vigorous exertion could have got us over, so rapid was the current. We soon after arrived at a nameless place—at least, the name they told us is unspellable, and therefore I leave it out. We accosted some women, and asked them if there was an inn in the place; but we found they spoke no English, and understood only Gaelic. Some children, however, understood us, and from them we discovered what we were seeking—an inn we will call it by courtesy: "licensed to sell spirits, porter, and ale," the usual inscription on such houses, being affixed over the door. On entering, we saw the landlady in an apartment having nothing but the bare earth for a floor, and the naked rafters for a ceiling. She showed us into her best room, that had a boarded floor, and served for parlour and bedroom; it being a common practice to have the beds in the better rooms, ranged along the side, and shut in with doors like closets. All the viands we could get were oat-cake, butter, eggs, and milk; of which, with some mountain-dew, we managed to make a meal. This done, as the day was getting on, we got again on our way, and having gained the high road, passed Schehallion, a small loch, and a very fine glen, called Glen Lyon, till at last, after much wishing and walking, we arrived at Taymouth. Here the river, as we stood on the bridge, sparkling in the dim twilight, the trees, the murmur of the wind, and the far-receding outline of the hills, formed a scene and a subject that I shall not soon forget. We sought the inn at Kenmore, and were soon sound asleep.

Kenmore is a neatly-built village, pleasantly situated on the isthmus of a peninsula projecting into Loch Tay. On a small island near here are the ruins of a priory, formerly subject to the abbey of Scone; it was founded by Alexander I., and was the burial-place of his queen Sibilla, natural daughter of Henry I. of England. Hither the Campbells retreated when pressed by the Marquis of Montrose, against whom they defended themselves for some time; but it was taken and garrisoned, and in 1654 surrendered to General Monk. The scenery all about is very beautiful; and Burns left a memorandum of the impression it made on him, inscribing it with pencil, over the chimney-piece of the parlour of the inn at Kenmore.

"Admiring Nature, in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of corey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliff each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
An out-stretch'd lake embosom'd 'midst the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride;
The palace rising on his verdant side;
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste!
The arches striding in the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam.—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong-tumbling floods.—

Here poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire:
Here to the wrongs of fate half-reconciled,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heaven-ward stretch her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man."

The falls alluded to are those of Achern, which we went to see. They are distant about two miles and a half, and situated on the estate of the Marquis of Breadalbane. Nothing of them is to be seen until you are close upon them; the view being then obtained from a grotto perched upon the edge of a deep ravine, exactly opposite to the place where the water rushes over the face of the rock, in a channel it has worn for itself. It falls, in all, about 120 feet, into a basin likewise the work of its own power, exerted unceasingly for ages. The whole of the sides of the steep are clothed with trees, which add greatly to the effect of the scene, on which we gazed long. We then retraced our steps to Kenmore, where—I having during the night been seized with dysentery, accompanied with great prostration of strength—we hired a chaise to take us to Killin, at the other end of Loch Tay. It was a splendid ride, but one which (on account of my indisposition) I did not fully enjoy. At about the seventh mile, the whole of that part of the lake which we had passed was within view, inclosed by green hills, and terminated by the beautiful bridge at Taymouth. We passed close to the foot of Ben Lawers, and arrived at Killin, a poor, mean place, but beautifully situated, and much frequented by tourists and anglers.

We here resumed our feet, and keeping for some time by the side of the river Dochart, entered Glen Ogle, formed between two immense ranges of mountain piles, so high, that though it was yet early, the road at the bottom was in the shade. No sound, except it might be the bleat of a solitary sheep, broke upon the ear; all was silence and grandeur. When about three miles from Loch-Earn head, Ben Voirlach became visible, lifting his bold conical front far above his surrounding fellows; but the intervening hills shut it out of view as we drew nearer. Arrived at the inn at Loch-Earn head, we, after tea, hired a chaise to take us on to Callander, about fourteen miles, which we were anxious to accomplish that night.

Passing the end of Loch Earn, which is about eight miles long and one and a half wide, our road was extremely picturesque and interesting. Just as day was closing, we passed Loch Lubnaig, over whose dark waters the last rays of a bright sun were shedding their glory, throwing Ben Ledi, on the opposite side, more into the shade, and by the contrast forming a singularly wild and romantic picture. The lad who drove us was very intelligent, and gave us a good deal of local information. He told us of a lending library to which he had access; and I spoke to him of several books likely to prove useful or interesting. He had read the most of them, and was now attending a night-school for the purpose of learning "the Latin." Think of that! A stable-boy that had read books of travels, history, and poetry, and learning Latin!

"The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapp'd in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright."

It was dusk ere we reached Callander, where we slept that night.

At breakfast next morning, we met two gentlemen who were going to the Trosachs, with whom we agreed to share a chaise; and soon after, leaving this beautifully situated place, we passed Loch Vennachor, and

"the copse-wood grey,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue;"

and presently arrive at Stuart's Trosachs Inn. The Trosachs is the name given to the pass leading hence to Loch Katrine, and, though a place of great beauty, has, I think, been overpraised. Still, Scott's description is on the whole true, though somewhat highly coloured; but it must be remembered that a carriage-road is now where formerly a footing could scarcely be had. But pass we on—

"Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung
Where seem'd the cliff to meet on high
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy-dream."

A walk of about a mile and a half brought us to the end of the pass, where, under the glow of a glorious, unclouded summer's sun,

"One burnish'd sheet of living gold
Lake Katrine lay beneath us roll'd;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, emptied bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd—
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-An heaved high his forehead bare."

Here we found boats waiting, in one of which embarking, we were soon on the broad bosom of the lake, whence the shore and the above-mentioned hills presented a fine panoramic view. Meanwhile we were interested by the discourse of the boatmen—they telling us, among other things, with the greatest possible gravity, the spot where the chief, in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," lost his "gallant grey;" the place where he stood when he "wound his horn;" where "the little skiff shot to the bay;" and the exact locality of every incident mentioned. It was evident, from the manner in which they spoke, that they believed the whole to be a reality. Presently we approached the isle

"all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there;"

but we were taken to the accustomed place of landing, from which we ascended and traversed the small island. Fancying ourselves the guests of the Lady of the Lake, and partaking of her hospital-

ity till we were satisfied, we bade her farewell, and again embarking, were soon after landed on the shore. Here I found that elegant butterfly, *Argynnis Aglaia*, skimming over a swampy piece of ground; and whenever I now look at the specimens, I look at this place—the scene in all its magic beauty comes up before me. Then we went on and on, rapt in the thoughts the place and its associations excited, continually turning to gaze at the beauties we passed; each time seeing them vary as we changed our point of view. At length we reached Inversnaid, passing a fort erected about the beginning of last century, to keep in awe the freebooters. From this a dirty, rugged road brings us to the ferry across Loch Lomond, and soon we were

“Once more upon the waters.”

This loch, which is placed due north and south, is the largest in Scotland, and for extent, variety, and magnificence of scenery, is not surpassed by any in Britain. At the part where we crossed its width is about a mile and a half; in some places, towards the other end, its breadth is eight miles: it contains about thirty islands, some of them occupying 150 acres. Landing on the western side, we passed Tarbet, where there is a good inn, at which we were tempted to stop; but we wished to get as near to Ben Lomond as possible, intending to climb it on the morrow, so pushed on, and about nine o'clock reached Inveruglas. Here the inn was much inferior to that at Tarbet; but we found no fault, being glad enough to get refreshment of any kind.

During the day we had a companion that had joined us at Loch Katrine; he had left Doune in the morning, and had consequently walked a good distance before overtaking us, and, added to the distance he had come with us, served to tire him completely. He was fast asleep in a few minutes after we got in; and we saw no more of him, for he was off again the next morning at break of day.

We were now exactly opposite to Ben Lomond, and a ferry being here, we had no more to do than step into a boat, and be landed at the foot. It was in anticipation of the pleasure that we trusted awaited us on the morrow in making the ascent, that we sought our pillows; where I will take the word of any one that we slept soundly, for in the morning I remembered nothing about it.

CHRONICLES OF THE PONT NEUF.

CONCLUDED.

FOUR several quays run eastward from, and nearly at right angles with, the Pont Neuf. The northernmost, now called Quai de la Ferraille (Old Iron Quay), formerly Quai de la Mégisserie (or Skinners' Quay), was, at the time when Marie Antoinette was carted along it to her undeserved doom, the skirt of the lowest quarter of Paris. With studied cruelty, apparently, her butchers took her the longest way (the Quai de l'Horloge, over the Pont Neuf, would have been nearer, and more convenient), that she might endure all the abominable revilings and insults ready to be poured upon her from vulgar mouths and foul minds; certes they were unsparring. Nor were the most obscene gestures wanting. Some of those much execrating (and yet more execrable) wretches, clad in female attire (though surely quite unsexed as all-unpitying), climbed up on the humble vehicle that degraded those who used it, not her whom it bore, and spat (oh the cowardly cruelty of rampant Jacobinism!) at, if not in, her care-worn though still beautiful face. We know those who saw them do it. She must have thought the way long and weary till the arrival at the Place de la Révolution, and been ready to fly to the gaunt guillotine waiting to receive her, and embrace it as “a friend indeed.”

This hapless queen was murdered on the 16th of October, 1793, aged 38.

The “Horloge” or Dial Quay, next in order, is occupied principally with opticians' shops. At the farther end stands the Tower of Montgomméri, so named after a nobleman of Scotch descent who killed King Henry II. accidentally at a tournament. The accident thus happened. At entertainments given in honour of the marriage of the king's sister and daughter on the same day (in 1559) his majesty, who had figured as a tilter, being heated with exercise, had incautiously let drop his visor to breathe freer, and the unlucky count, not perceiving this, ran full rush at him, with his spear aimed at the head. The point entered the eye and pierced the brain. The sufferer lived long enough to exact assurances from his queen that Montgomméri should be pardoned for the sad accident. Meantime he had fled, and escaped for a time; but some years after, being taken, was put to death with circumstances of great barbarity. There were two good reasons for sparing him. The most valid was, his innocence of evil intention; the second, that Catherine never cared two-pence for her husband, having been notoriously indifferent to his person, and unfaithful to his bed. But her cruel heart never knew pity.

Passing the next, the (Quai des Orfèvres, or Goldsmiths' Quay), we attain the Faubourg St. Germain, faced with the Quai des Augustins, (so called from the monastery that once stood there), which is the Paternoster-row of Paris, being occupied chiefly with the principal publishers' shops. But the third in our order of the four quays is the Goldsmiths', to which we return to say, that the Prefecture is to be found upon it; and also to relate the particulars of a swindling trick cleverly played off on one of its numerous men of metal, in the month of October 1834.

Most respectable houses in the French capital have an ample outer entry, called a “porte cochère” (or *coachable* door); that is, a gate large enough for a carriage to enter under the buildings, supposing them to inclose an inner paved court, which many of them do. In this wide passage, or in a corner of the court beyond, usually is built the porter's lodge; the duty of the functionary there, is to see to who goes in and out, the staircases being common, like those of our inns-of-court, and the inhabitants all living in *strata*, like miners in England, or men in Edinburgh. Such outer gates are invariably shut after dark; and to save the trouble of letting callers pass and repass, the *portier* or *portière* has an apparatus fitted with a string attached to the outer door, which he or she pulls, and thus lets the party, arriving or leaving, in and out. In the former case the knocker is used; in the latter, the demand of *Tirez le cordon*—“pull the string”—does the business. This explanation is long, but necessary to enable the reader to understand what follows. On the evening in question, after dusk, a goldsmith on the Quai des Orfèvres had the satisfaction to see enter his *magasin* a likely customer in the person of a man of gentlemanly appearance, habited in a showy chamber-gown, cap, and slippers, as if he had just stepped out of some neighbouring hotel. He politely apologised to the goldsmith for coming in such an undress, saying that he was an invalid; that, indeed, the unparalleled attentions he had been for months receiving at his lodgings during a long and severe illness, were the cause of his coming; he named a respectable family who lived hard by, told the goldsmith that he had fallen ill while on a visit there from Bordeaux, in which city he was a large wine-merchant; that he wished to make handsome presents to the master and mistress of the house, not daring to offer them money in recompense, &c. &c., and in an easy way asked to see some of his very newest-fashioned valuables. An assortment of the most costly wares in the shop was shown him; of many he approved, but prudently and sensibly

said what suited *his* taste might not accord with theirs, so he picked out a good dozen or more of the most precious objects before him, of several hundred pounds' value, had them put in a silver tray, and invited the goldsmith to accompany him, to be present at the selection, receive payment, and take back the rest. They set out together. On the route, a little comedy of complaisances was played between the two—the victimiser making many apologies for coming at an hour that might be unseasonable, and thus leading the merchant away from his family, &c.; met by energetic assertions on the other side, that it was an honour as well as a duty, business must be attended to, &c., &c. Hereupon the rogue, by way of diminishing the trouble he gave, offered to bear the tray. This the other would not at first hear of at all, but being pressed, unhappily consented, from a feeling of over-delicacy, thinking that if his refusal were continued, the motive might be mistaken for one of distrust. Such a refining is imparted to man by the sweet influences of the spirit of trade! Arrived at the *porte cochère* indicated, they knocked; obedient to the sound, the string was immediately pulled by the porter, whose box happened to be at the furthest corner of the inner court. The French, as all our readers know or have heard say, are a most ceremonious people—very! Another act of the complaisant comedy ensues. The victimiser will not enter first, and take the lead of the victim, no, not he! would not do such a thing for the world. The other thinks it would be scandalous to be outdone in civility by a customer, and so they keep bobbing and bowing at each other for a tedious length of time. At last the tired dealer makes a fatal bolt into the doorway, and the other in a twinkling draws it to! The goldsmith, thus caught in a sudden trap, is confounded for a short space. As soon as his bewildered wits begin to return, he calls, bawls, screams! to the surly porter instantly to draw the string. The latter, provoked by the length of the previous open-door parley, which he knew not how to account for, is in no manner of hurry to obey the frantic demand; and all this lost time, so precious to the poor goldsmith, is clearly so much gain to the scamp, who has gone off like a shot with his booty. The goldsmith goes despondingly to the "Bordeaux wine-merchant's" alleged friend, and we can hardly say is surprised to find they never knew such a person in all their lives.

We have in London a very considerable mob of "swells," in Paris there is a whole army of them. They are in general the "black sheep" of decent families. Of all such fellows, one may predicate with much more truth than does our greatest dramatic bard of no-music-in-their-souls people, that they are ever ready (and indeed anxious) to engage in "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." They are, in good truth, indefatigable "fishers of men" (alas, how unapostolical!) and never satisfied except when angling in the most troubled waters. Hence it was that they made a most prominent figure in the ever-recurring *émeutes* or political turmoils of the capital (at one time apparently become quite chronic), for some years after the events of the "glorious three days." France owed some compensation to general humanity for the horrors of her first revolution, and she made her second a *decent* one. This way of doing business, so gratifying to others, was disappointing to those bands of vagabonds and their scoundrel abettors; they had reckoned on something quite different.

Many of these *swells*, mostly of plausible exterior and generally young, have had a good education, and can boast occasionally no mean accomplishments. We have satisfactorily ascertained (and this will surprise those who have strong ideas regarding the depravity of great capitals), that 19-20ths of them come originally from the provinces. Education is dear and inferior in the latter; in the former, superior and cheap. The great colleges and

schools of Paris are most liberally maintained, and directly out of the public revenues; hence ambitious young men are sent thither in crowds. They *begin* their studies very fairly at the public halls (of medicine, law, what not); they *end* them (rather unfairly) at the billiard-rooms, *cafés*, and worse places. Whenever you see over a scampish-looking coffee-house door the words "*on joue ici à la poule*—" Sweepstakes played for here"—you may be sure a number of these worthies are the lords in waiting. We would excuse any Levite, in such a case, if he were to "pass on the other side." Now, so long as the "old fools"—the parents—who are toiling at home in self-forgetting privation to promote such edifying studies, supply the needful "tin," we call these prosperous men. But a time arrives when the "completed education" remains to be judged of, and they dare not show face. *Some* of them may have profited a little by their attendance at the *cassés*, and these may be happy enough to get hold of a small editorship (the art of plausible word-stringing needing short apprenticeship or none), or attach themselves to the skirts of some low journal; and it is by intercommunion with such half-instructed, unprincipled, venomous-minded gentry as these that "our own Paris correspondent" (whom he meets in public places) picks up his ideas of men and things in France for the shabbier of the London newspapers; and, taking the tone of a lax morality, imbibed probably from those their inspirers, writes for his employers here very *piquant* articles, wherein "much malice" mingles with "a little wit," and bad motives are imputed, and good acts distorted, with the most unscrupulous mendacity. Yea, from such untrustworthy (not to say polluted) sources, have the under currents of knowledge of French politics flowed into this country, and gone on flowing, with added impurity, into the columns of the journals of the United States, whose editors generally take all their notions of continental affairs at second-hand from us. This, from personal knowledge, we aver to be the fact. But such *littérateurs vils* (subsisters by *litter*) are the fortunate few—the aristocrats of the French "swell mob;" the less happy many are fairly thrown upon the town, where "each man in his time plays many parts." However much they may have shirked their scholastic duties, they are profoundly skilled in the knowledge of that same town; being "up to every thing," they are ever ready for anything that there turns up. We give an instance of admirable presence of mind in one of them as an example.

Some years ago, on this same Pont Neuf, a crowd gathered about a bewildered coachman, who had come to a halt with his *fiacre* and found a dead fare within. The individual, a well-dressed, plethoric-complexioned subject of middle age, had been to his notary to get cash, and was going home with it, but finding the bag of specie rather heavy (payments are usually made in silver in France), had hired a coach. The previous fatigue he underwent probably brought on or hastened an attack of apoplexy, which killed him; and his body had well-nigh fallen out on the pavement when the coachman opened the door to let him out. We think, but are not sure, that he was a jeweller on the contiguous Quai des Orfèvres. No sooner did a worthy, such as we have described, get sight of the money-bag and its late possessor, than he rushed through the crowd of people, who kindly made way for him right and left; and great was their respect and sympathy to see him throw himself distractedly upon the corpse and wildly exclaim, "Unhappy wretch that I am, it is my poor father—it is he—it is none but he!" and then make a show of the most passionate grief. Fifty pair of ready hands were immediately in use to help this model of filial affection into the coach beside the defunct; and the admirable actor his "son," having given fresh orders, and a distant address to the coachman, he went his way,

and they theirs, pondering (in different manners, no doubt) on the "affecting scene." When the coachman stopped and let out his new fare, he noticed, but without much attending to the circumstance, that he now carried a good-sized bundle under his arm. Some delay occurring in the arrival of the assistance he said he would go and fetch, the coachman found, not only the money-bag absent, but the corpse stripped to the very shirt.

And now that we have to bring to a close these our imperfect *Chronicles of the Pont Neuf*, we cannot wind them up better than by stating that from its parapets we witnessed the taking of the Louvre on the 29th July, 1830, as we have already mentioned in our memoir of Louis-Philippe.* It was a post of some danger at the moment, from stray shots, many of which whistled past our ears; but curiosity, on such an occasion, was naturally quite irrepressible.

* See vol. II., No 56, p. 56, of *Lond. Sat. Journal*.

REASONINGS UPON NATURAL PHENOMENA.

THE WINDS.

In a former article, treating of the phenomena of rain, we alluded to the powerful influence exerted by the winds in occasioning the fall of rain, and stated that it was principally to their action that we must attribute the first absorption of water from the ocean—the distribution of the clouds over the land—and their final deposition in rain-drops upon the surface of the earth. We purpose now to investigate the causes that produce the wind itself, and to endeavour to ascertain how far they may be made subject to accurate calculation.

Let us first see *how* a body of vapour like the atmosphere can be set in motion. The particles which compose this atmosphere being elastic, are susceptible of expansion and condensation in a very high degree, and as they can remain in equilibrium only while the pressure of the whole fluid remains equal in all its parts, a disturbance more or less violent will necessarily follow from any change in its density; and this is the first and great cause of the winds. A result much the same will accrue if a portion of the fluid were subtracted, or a new volume of vapour introduced; either of which would produce a rapid flow—in one case *towards*, in the other *from*, the point where the change was made. A third cause would be found in the passage of another body through the air, whose motion would be communicated to the fluid particles, and propagated to considerable distances; but of this we only make a passing mention, as it can hardly be said to exist as a cause of the wind, except perhaps in the instances where certain currents of the ocean have been supposed to produce a corresponding motion in the air.

It would, at first sight, appear inevitable that the consequence of any portion of the atmosphere becoming expanded would be to produce an outward current—that is, a wind blowing on all sides away from the point of expansion; but a little reflection will prove the inaccuracy of this idea. The effect of expansion is to separate the particles to a greater distance from each other, thus increasing the bulk of the mass and diminishing its density; the fluid, therefore, throughout the district of expansion, will enlarge and rise up above the level of the surrounding regions, and its *upper* portions will overflow, producing an outward current; but in the lower strata the motion will be reversed; for the colder fluid around, being denser than that which has become expanded, will flow in and displace it—thus producing a set of opposing currents above and below, whose circuit will endure as long as the local cause of expansion continues to exist.

This interchanging motion in fluids of different densities may easily be illustrated by experiments. If a deep and narrow trough be constructed, with a partition across the middle, dividing its length into two parts, but capable of being removed; and the separate portions being filled respectively with water and with oil, each will remain at rest while the partition is left between them; but on removing this a change of position ensues—the water, being the heavier fluid, will flow along the bottom towards the oil, and the oil along the top towards the water, till all the lower parts are filled with the water, and an equilibrium is established. Again, in a room whose air is rendered warm by a good fire, if a candle be held to the crevice of the door near the bottom, a current will be observed to blow in from the colder air outside, but near the ceiling the draught is found to be directed outwards. Of course, in the centre a level exists, where the air is quite still, and flows in neither direction.

The effect produced by atmospheric rarefaction is very remarkably evidenced in the phenomena of the Trade-winds. In the broad district lying round the equator, and comprised between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, the sun possesses an influence not only greater than on any other latitude, but also more regular, because twice in the year it passes in these countries directly across the zenith, and at no season declines sufficiently low to cause any material difference in the temperature. Now, the effect of heat is to expand the volume of the air in a ratio of about one 420th part for every degree of the thermometer; a quantity equivalent to an addition of seventy feet to the usual height of the atmosphere; and as the average heat of the equatorial regions is many degrees above that of the higher circles of latitude, the masses of air are drawn up, or swelled round the equator into a protuberant belt encircling the earth, and will therefore overflow in the upper strata, running off to the north and south: below, on the surface of the earth, the cooler air is flowing in from the neighbourhood of the poles; and if the earth were still, a constant set of winds would be found blowing from the north on the northern side of the equator, and from the south on the southern; while at the central line itself, the two opposite currents would destroy each other, and a perpetual calm prevail.

We say "if the earth were still;" for the motion of the globe, as it revolves upon its axis, causes a considerable change in the direction of the wind. As every part of the earth is carried round in exactly the same time, it follows that the parts farthest removed from the poles, which are the centres of rotation, must move the quickest—as in a wheel the rim or edge moves most rapidly, while the nave merely revolves on itself. The velocity of the earth's motion at the equator is about sixteen miles per minute, in a direction from west to east; while at thirty degrees (below the lowest point of Europe) it is only fourteen miles; and at forty-five degrees (about the centre of France) it is eleven miles in the same space of time; making a difference in velocity of two and five miles per minute. In this motion the waters and the atmosphere also participate; and thus the currents of air drawn off towards the equator will pass over portions of the surface possessing a higher velocity than their own; they will therefore no longer move directly towards the south, but will slant off towards the west. The upper strata of air also, which are constantly overflowing towards the poles, will travel into regions moving *less* rapidly, and so will blow along an oblique line in a westerly direction.

This is the exact path followed by the trade-winds, as they are found by observation in the great Atlantic and Pacific oceans:—north-east and south-east winds blow on the north and south of the equator respectively; near the equator itself are calms and variable breezes, according as the two winds counteract or obtain

a temporary preponderance; and in the air above, the motions of the clouds evidence a contrary tendency, travelling south-west and north-west, till they have lost the superabundance of heat, and then they fall, to replace the masses drawn away to the torrid zone. This occurs at about the forty-fifth degree from the equator, and these winds will be found to prevail on the surface beyond that latitude; which is actually the case in England and countries similarly situated—the west and south-west winds being calculated to prevail on the average during 180 days in the year.

Such is the theory of the trade-winds, which are perpetual in motion and constant in direction throughout the year; and if the earth presented a level, uniform surface, either of land or water, these winds would encircle the earth, forming two uninterrupted bands around the equator. But on looking at a map of the world, we see that the disposition of sea and land is very irregular; and from this irregularity proceed many local variations in the direction of the winds.

A tract of land, when exposed to the rays of a hot sun, becomes much warmer than the same region would be if the ocean flowed there, and the air over it is much more rarefied: it therefore happens, in many parts of the world, that a large continent, lying considerably distant from the equator, may yet be hotter than it, and so become the centre towards which the winds will blow. The southern parts of Asia are thus situated: along the whole length of this continent, from the east coast of Africa to the extremity of the Indian Archipelago, the equatorial line passes through an almost uninterrupted ocean; while vast tracts of land lie to the north, with a coast line varying from the eighth to the twentieth degree of latitude. During summer, or while the sun is to the north of the equator, these lands are much more intensely heated than the ocean to the south, and the line of greatest rarefaction extends through this continent, and beyond its limits among the thickly scattered islands of the Japanese seas. For this part of the year, in consequence, the winds set from the equator towards this line; blowing invariably from the south-west from the beginning of May to October. During the other months, the sun has departed towards the southern hemisphere, and the greater tendency to heat of the continent is not sufficient to counterbalance the superior power of the sun's rays in those regions, where he is at that season perpendicular, and the line of maximum (or greatest) temperature is temporarily shifted to the south side of the equinoctial line: the wind shifts with it; instead of south-west, it blows from the north-east with equal regularity, until the arrival of the ensuing spring again restores its original tendency.

These changing winds, thus lasting alternately for many months, are called Monsoons, and are of infinite importance in the navigation of the Eastern Ocean; as a voyage between two ports on this coast, which may at one season be accomplished within a week or two, with the certainty of a fair wind the whole way, will at another occupy many months of tedious struggles against a gale of inveterate hostility.

The effect of a lofty range of mountains is invariably to cool and condense the atmosphere around and above them. Their peaks are elevated into regions when they are exposed to intense cold, and their sides and summits are covered with perpetual snows. Thus acting as coolers to the air, they occasion a wind to blow, almost constantly, outwardly from their frozen pinnacles; and this cold blast encountering the warm and saturated gales of the plains beneath, gives rise to those tremendous bursts of storm which are found only in the vicinity of mountain-chains. From these causes the country wherein lie these vast piles of Nature's building are much more rainy than level regions. Streams are abundant; and no large river exists but can trace its source to the waters supplied

from these distillations. Indeed, it is impossible for a country to be deficient in water, unless it consists of vast unbroken plains—such as are seen in the American prairies, or in the arid plains of Africa; and if some natural convulsion were to throw up a cluster of mountains in the centre of the great Sahara desert, that parched and desolate expanse would in a few years totally change its character: it would become gradually watered and fertile; forests would spring up, and even rivers flow, over a region where the drought is at present so excessive that even the bodies of the animals that perish there, instead of corrupting, are burnt up into a dry and shrivelled mass.

The second of the causes we mentioned above as producing the wind—the addition or abstraction of elastic fluid—operates more precariously than rarefaction, and also far more violently. The fluid in this case added or taken away is the vapour from the waters, which is raised from the ocean at certain seasons in enormous quantities, and continually adding to the volume of the air, produces a wind blowing on all sides away from the district of evaporation. At other times, as this vapour collects into cloud, or is yet further condensed as it distils in rain upon the earth, a partial vacuum is caused, winds from all points of the compass rush in to supply the deficiency, and the circle of disturbance gradually enlarges itself; the blast extending backwards in a direction from the point to which it blows, as we see in a canal when the flood-gates are suddenly opened, that the water immediately behind them is first disturbed; the current commencing at a point further and further off along the upper water. Franklin was the first who observed this phenomenon; having been prevented from seeing an eclipse of the moon at Philadelphia, by a storm from the north-east, which he was surprised to learn did not commence at Boston (400 miles to the north-east of his own position) till four hours afterwards.

The winds thus produced are both variable in direction and uncertain in their occurrence—very different from the regular breezes of the trades and monsoons. They are also almost beyond the reach of any previous calculation, as the ultimate effect depends upon a very nice balance of various influences. Often it may be observed that disturbances are taking place in the higher regions of the atmosphere; the clouds gather thickly, and there is every appearance of a storm; but from some hidden cause—perhaps because the general temperature is too high, or some current of air has not reached the requisite point of saturation—the whole has passed away, and the weather resumed its serenity; while, if the rain had begun to fall at any point, the vacuum occasioned by this fall would have added a sufficient influence to overset the equilibrium of the fluids, and the storm thus commenced might continue and increase for days.

The violent tornadoes experienced in the West Indies seem to rise in this manner; beginning in the higher lands, and gradually sweeping through the valley, increasing in impetuosity, and consisting of alternate vehement gusts of wind and deluges of rain, till they exhaust themselves or pass away to the ocean.

Another peculiarity attending these hurricanes is their rotation. Captain Reid, in a work upon the Law of Storms, published two years since, has proved from the records of many storms, encountered in different parts of the world, that they are in the form of a ring—having an outer circle where the air is continually revolving with intense velocity, and an interior calm space, sometimes of many miles diameter. In the northern hemisphere, the revolution is round by the north to the west, south, and east, or contrary to the motion of the hands of a clock. To the south of the line, it is the reverse, or similar to that motion; and besides their rotation, there is a slow progressive motion of the whole.

This discovery of the motions of the storm is of great consequence, as it gives the mariner some clue to guide his course in endeavouring to avoid their encounter, or to escape as quickly as possible from their influence; and it may also serve as a basis whereon to found our explanation of the universal laws that govern meteorological phenomena. It would be rash, in our present imperfect state of information concerning these terrible visitants, to propound any regular theory of their formation; but it seems probable that they arise from the rush of winds from all quarters to fill up some temporary vacuum, and that these winds force each other into a regular orbit; the circle moving onwards slowly in the direction of the predominant blast, and gradually enlarging in size till it vanishes altogether.

"BOOTS."

THERE exists not in the kingdom, at the present day, a more industrious and trustworthy class of individuals than those functionaries whom custom has identified with their profession by the sobriquet of "Boots." Those who sit in arm-chairs, and live quietly at home in their own houses, can form but an imperfect idea of the extent of the responsibility that falls to the share of this part of Her Majesty's subjects. Since the improvement in roads and the increase of trade have set the commercial world in a state of perpetual locomotion, many and various are the wants of a traveller in the way of assistance and information on arriving at the place of his daily destination: yet no sooner does he plant his foot in an inn, than his objects, be they what they may, are immediately undertaken and accelerated by honest Boots. Whether it be that letters are to be delivered, or valuable parcels, or local matters of any kind to be attended to, application is always made in the first instance to Boots. Boots is the last person seen in the house at night, and the first again on foot in the morning: of him it is required to know everybody and everything; to have not only a strong back, but a civil, good-humoured countenance; to be able to work hard upon little pay, and to possess a clear head and a light pair of heels; and, in short, with never-ceasing activity and time at command infinitely divisible, to officiate in every respect, and to the benefit of the travelling world, as the Mercury of the lower heaven. Hardly does the cock crow in a morning before Boots is on the alert—before the time of his repose arrives at night, every inmate in the house will have sunk down in leaden slumbers. Traveller, remember poor Boots. You have given him his fee; yet, peradventure some copper money may still jingle in your pocket; nay, if it be a sixpence, it will not be ill bestowed on him who has welcomed your arrival, has sped your departure, has strained his sinews in your service, has done his duty, and now stands before you respectfully, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a fustian sleeve. Traveller, probably you are a bachelor; now then is the time to be liberal; remember poor Boots, while no weightier claims upon your purse disturb you;—wait not for the hour when, with your travels at an end, and locomotive faculties impeded by joint gravity, a life of peregrination concludes by short stages, like the days of an uxorious blue-bottle fly at the close of a summer.—*Head's Home Tour.*

NIGHT-WATCHING.

There has always been to me something inexpressibly touching in the single taper burning through the long and lonely hours of silence and sleep. It must mark some weary vigil—one, perhaps, by the sick couch where rests the pale face on which we dread every moment to look our last. How the very heart suspends its beating in the hushed stillness of the sick chamber! What a history of hopes, fears, and cares, are in its hours! How does love then feel its utter fondness, its utter helplessness! How is the more active business of the outward world forgotten in the deep interest of the hushed world within those darkened walls!—a look, a tone, a breath, is then of vital importance. With what tender care the cup is raised to the feverish lip! with what intense anxiety the colour is watched in the wasted cheek! How are the pulses counted on the thin hand, and sometimes in vain!—*L. E. L., from Ethel Churchill.*

THE CONVICT SHIP.

MORN on the waters—and purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushings of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennons stream onward, like hope in the gale;
The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away like a dream of the heart.
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and show,
Oh, there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading in depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds as they pass her to light.
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast—
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain.
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the "bosom" of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing,
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever—
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches, alone on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life—while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfur'd;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er.

HEAVEY.

"LEARN TO CONFORM TO THE HUMOURS OF THOSE WITH WHOM YOU HAVE TO LIVE."

We are accustomed to the sight of disagreeable faces, and why can we not be also familiarised with bad tempers? There are crabbed minds that could not exist without giving vent to their ill-nature. Prudence, then, will accustom itself to bear with them, in the same manner as with ugliness in the countenance.

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